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[NO. 9

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The Prussian National Anthem.
I AM A PRUSSIAN.
("Ich Bin Ein Preuss.")

I am a Prussian! see my colors gleaming—
The black-white standard floats before me
free;
For Freedom's rights, my fathers' hearts—
Blood streaming,
Such, mark ye, mean the black and white
to me!
Shall I then prove a coward? I'll 'er be
to the tower!
Though day be dull, though sun shine
bright on me,
I am a Prussian, will a Prussian be!
Before the throne with love and faith I'm
bending,
Whence, mildly good, I hear a parent's
tone;
With filial heart, obedient ear I'm lending—
The father trusts—the son defends the
throne!
Affection's ties are stronger—live, O my
country longer!
The King's high call o'erflows my breast
so free,
I am a Prussian, will a Prussian be!

Not every day hath sunny light of glory;
A cloud, a shower, sometimes dulls the
sun;
Let none believe my face can tell the story,
That every wish unfruitful is to me,
How many far and nearer, would think ex-
change much dearer?
Their Freedom's naught—how then com-
pare with me?
I am a Prussian, will a Prussian be!

And if the angry elements exploding,
The lightning flash, the thunders louder
roar,
Hath not the world oft witnessed such fore-
boding?
No Prussian's courage can be tested more,
Should rock and oak be riven, to terror I'm
not driven;
Be storm and din, let flashes gleam so
free—
I am a Prussian, will a Prussian be!
Where love and faith so round the monarch
cluster,
Widest Prince and People so clasp firm
their hands,
'Tis there alone true happiness can muster,
Thus showing clear how firm the nation's
band.
Again confirm the fealty! the honest, noble
heart!
Be strong with me, strike hands, dear
hearts with me,
Is not this Prussia? Let us Prussians be!

[From the Atlanta Daily Sun.]
"Bill Arr."

LETTER FROM THE GREAT GEORGIA
HUMORIST—HE TOUCHES SOME MEN
AND A FEW MEASURES.

MR. EDITOR: I'm sorry I can't fill
my promise to call on you. I'm going
home, I am. I'm tired of this everlast-
ing fuss. There's some development
up, and I'm jumpy about it. I've
heard lots of talk in the Legislature
to-day. There's signs of fight. I
don't think 9 dollars a day would pro-
duce to such ho-tile language. One fel-
ler said they was just rarin and char-
gin for their constituents, and that
was all 9 dollars gas, but it didn't
smell like gas to me. The day I got
here there was shootin, and a man
killed. Then again, I see the mem-
bers and the outsiders dividin up in
little squads about at night and whis-
perin and juglin and piroutin around.
I heard one feller say "prolongation,"
and another say "hell," and another
"dam," and I heard jaw teeth grit.
I was a private in Corput's battery,
and I know what a prolong is. Its a
big hemp rope, with hooks on the ends,
what hitches the cannon to the powder
box. There's goin' to be shootin cer-
tain, and somebody's goin' to be hurt,
and I want Captain Corput to under-
stand that I have resigned. I heard
another crowd talkin about State aids.
I suppose they are to be on the Gov-
ernor's staff. Brown had many a one
in '63 and '4. Hal said he had 700,
and Hal ought to know. A State Aid
is a good thing. He can see the bat-
tle from afar off. The further the
better for me. I heard a member say
he was afraid of all the State Aids
would be killed, but that he should
fight mity hard on the road from Ma-
con to Knoxville. Another said he
should do his fighting between Rome
and Columbus. If a man pick his
ground it's a good thing.

Mr. Editor, there's a heap of fuss
generally. A man tawked 2 days in
the House about the penitentiary and
the convicts, and whipping and slashin
and delicate parts, etc. I thought he
thought a good deal of his-self. I was
sorry to see the members asleep
while he was speakin, for I think it
was very disrespectful. I man said
the spakist didn't care a dam for the
convicts, but was just playin his last
card agin the Govnor, and that he was
tho' gon to sink down between Silla
& Karyodis, unknollid, unhonored
and unsung. I noticed his tawk was
all about colored convicts, he didn't
seem to be sorry for a white man.

A man in the gallery was powerful
mad with sum editur—maybe it was
you, I don't know—but he axed a
man whether he would whip the edi-
tur or not. The man said he didn't
know and couldn't say, for he hadn't

read the piece, but that as a general
thing in the abstract it was right to
whip 'em. If I was you I would
carry a weopin of some soart, even if
it was only an umbrella.

I got tired of all this, and wauked
over to Whitehall for peace. A friend
[I suppose he was a friend] found me
and said he wanted to see me particu-
larly. He took me away back and
hauled out some little thumb papers
full of figures, and said he wanted me
to insure my life. That skeerd me
worse than anything, for it looked like
I was in danger, and he had just found
it out. I axed him if he thought there
would be a fight. He explained things
to me, and I felt relieved, and declin-
ed to insure for the present. You
see I felt mity well, and couldn't see
the necessity. At the next corner I
met another friend, who seemed glad
to see me exceedingly. He held my
hand in his several moments. He
said he was agent for the very best
company in the world. I axed him
how long a man would live under his
company. He then explained to me
that a man might die at any time;
that they didn't undertake to keep a
man from dyin. So I declined but
expressed my gratitude for his interest
in my welfare, and I promised to
buy a policy as soon as I got sick.
Just as I left him I heard him call
some feller a dam phool.

When I got to the hotel there was
a feller waitin' for me on the same
business. He talked to me for an
hour about the uncertainty of life and
the certainty of death. I thought,
perhaps, he was a missionary. He
seemed much concerned about my
wife and children, and once or twice
wiped his eyes with a white pocket
handkerchief. I knowed he was a
friend, and told him I would reflect
seriously about the matter.

I believe that company is a purely
philanthropic institution, and would
lend a poor fellow a few dollars if he
was sufferin' I think I will try to bor-
row a little from their agent to-mor-
row. This morning the first one came
to see me agin, and I concluded I was
looking mity bad, and axed him to
excuse me as I was not feelin' well.
I went to Dr. Alexander and got a
dose of salts. He axed me if I was
sick. I told him I supposed I was,
and the reason why. He then told
me all about it, and said there was
100 of them fellers in town, and they
all had augurs, long augurs, and they
bored about half an inch at the first
interview and an inch at the second in
the same hole, and so on, until they
got to the hollow, and the patient
gave in and took a policy. I don't
know about that, but I will say they
are the friendliest, most sympathizin
and kindest-hearted men I have ever
struck; only I don't like so much talk
about coffin and grave-yards. I
didn't take the salts.

But, Mr. Editor, I tell you there
is trouble a brewin'. I saw old Rook
and General Gordon and Col. Styles
a talkin together, and old Tige was
out fur off; old Rook's gray beard was
a wagin omniously, and old Gordon's
sears was a jumpin' about all over his
face; Styles looked like he wanted to
axe somebody. I heard him say some-
thing about "Organ Stables," I sup-
pose that is where he keeps his war
horses. Scott came up and said some-
thing about the rear guard. He's the
devel on rear guard, and the army
knows it. Jim Waddell dropped in
and remarked he just as leave die as
live if old Rook said so." At this
moment a feller come along singin'
"I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a Griffin
Star!"
"And if there's fitin' to be, why then, why
then I'm thar."
Shoo fly, don't bodder me.

The whole party looked like Gettys-
burg, and old Tige was just a waitin'
for old Rook to tree. God bless 'em
all! I know they'll stand between me
and danger.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, there's trouble
a brewin'. Says I, Mr. Mack-
whorter, you are the Speaker, you
know it all from the steeples to the
seller; you have capacity and sagacity,
and vivacity and rapacity, and the
like of that, a la "barbaque," that is,
from the snout to the tail—tell me,
do you think there will be a fight?
"Yes sur," said he, "yes sur; they
will fight shore. They are obliged to
fight. Old Bonaparte can't get out
of it, and Bismark has got a ohn just
like Joe Johnston. Franco wants a
blood lettin' like we had—" "Is that
fur off?" said I; "I thot it was to
begin in Atlanty to-nite." "Oh, no,"
says he, and went on.

I got some comfort from my old
friend, Bev. Thornton. He said that
if they did get up a fight, the old
soldiers wouldn't be into it much, ex-
cept the generals, for that the original,
consistent Union men, like Josh Hill
and Dunning, and Tom Saffold and
old man Stewart, and Aekerman
would make short work of it. He
said they were mity slow men to get
mad, and it had taken 'em about ten
years to get to the bilin' pint, but that
suck stin' as they would do now the
world nor the flesh nor the devil never
saw. He said I would whip a thous-
and and put ten thousand to flight.
I hope so. I like a man who takes ten
years to get mad. Yours truly,
BILL ARR.

P. S. I heard several fellers talk-
in' about 9 dollars, and the offices,
and a man told me what was the mat-
ter with Hannah. Mr. Editor, who
is Hannah, and what is the matter
with her? I hope she ain't danger-
ous.

N. B. I am not satisfied there
won't be a fight here. Do you think
there's any truth in the report that
Josh Hill, Saffold & Co., are goin to
Prussia? A man said when it took a
man ten years to get mad, he was
bound to fight something, or take a
spontaneous combustion. I reckon
they'll go.

Important Changes.

The retirement of the Emperor
Napoleon from active service and
General Lebauf from command of the
army, promises great things for
Prussia. The accession of Bazaine and
Trochu to the chief commands may
put a new phase on the war prospect.
We give brief biographies of the
newly-risen notables who are relied
upon to save Paris, and perhaps cripple
Germany:

MARSHAL BAZAINE.

Marshal Bazaine (Francois Achille)
who is now in command of the Frouch
field army, is the descendant of a
family of soldiers. He is now sixty-
one years of age. He has the high
reputation of being one of the bravest
officers in the French army. He
rose from the ranks, and in 6 years
from his enlistment gained his sub-
lieutenancy and his cross on the field
of battle. He distinguished himself
in Spain and Algiers. In com-
mand of the infantry brigade at
Sébastopol, he performed valiant
service. After the retreat of the
Russians, he was Governor of Sabas-
topol until the final evacuation by the
allies. In connection with the Maxi-
milian expedition to Mexico, he com-
manded the French contingent, suc-
ceeding Forey as chief. His success
over the Mexicans is familiar, but the
termination of the war in this coun-
try, and the known disinclination of
the United States to foreign interfer-
ence in American affairs, animated
the Mexicans with new hopes. Baz-
aine, in council, advised Maximilian
that the empire was impossible. Baz-
aine was recalled, Maximilian out-
manned and executed, and Napo-
leon III. suffered such diminution of
military prestige and political reputa-
tion as can only be restored by the
possible success of war with Prussia.

GENERAL TROCHU.

General Louis Jules Trochu is to-
day undeniably the best soldier of
France. He is now fifty-
five years of age. A graduate of the
staff school of St. Cyr, he was made
lieutenant in 1840, and promoted to
a captaincy in 1843. His staff ser-
vice was with that fine sold or Bu-
geaud, in Algeria. Chief d'escadron
and major in 1848, and lieutenant
colonel in 1853; his first European
service was in the Italian campaign.
At the commencement of the Crimean
war he was made chief of the gener-
al staff, and by reference to King-
lake's History, it will be seen that in
all conferences with Lord Raglan,
Trochu, rather than St. Arnaud or
Canrobert, was spokesman on the part
of France. Throughout the cam-
paign, having been made general of
brigade in 1854, he occupied the posi-
tion of confidential staff officer of the
commander-in-chief, an officer analo-
gous to that of Gnaisonau under
Blucher, given in just recognition of
his military ability and skill. In
1864 he reached his grade of general
of division. Two years after he was
charged with the preparation of a
plan to reorganize the army. Instead
of, as has been suggested, lacking the
imperial confidence, he is in the most
flattering degree. His essays upon
organization, "L'Arme Francaise,"
published in 1867, ran through ten
editions. Trochu is known to have
anticipated the event of war with
Prussia. A recent pamphlet from his
pen, which unfortunately, cannot be
obtained in this country, develops an
immense deal of study of the Rhenish
frontier as a fighting field, and palpa-
bly indicates the national impetus as
occupying the strategist's mind.

Two weeks ago the Army and Navy
Journal giving this sketch of Trochu,
said: "Should the war survive its
first battle a fortnight, and promise,
as seems very likely, to be a long one,
Trochu's name may chance to appear
at the head of the French armies."
This prediction has been swiftly
and, in part, literally fulfilled.

THE CONSERVATIVE VICTORY IN
NORTH CAROLINA.—Our sympathies,
like our charity, should begin at home.
More important, therefore, to us, and
more interesting than Prussian victo-
ry, or French defeat, is the news from
the "Old North State." The party of
the infamous Holden, in spite of
Kirk's mischievous and Grant's troops,
has been gloriously defeated, and the
Democrats, or rather conservatives,
have carried the day. It is stated
that the anti-radicals have five out of
seven Congressmen, and have a two-
thirds majority in both branches of
the Legislature. We heartily con-
gratulate the people of North Caro-
lina upon this result.—Phenix.

New Inventions in Arms.

It becomes daily more evident that
not only France, but also Prussia, has
for a number of years silently but
steadily made the most active prepara-
tions for the great struggle for Eu-
ropean supremacy which has just now
commenced between them.

This is not only indicated by a
thorough reorganization of both the
French and the German armies, but
also by the strenuous efforts of each
to produce weapons more improved
and of greater destructiveness than
possessed by the other.

It is claimed by the French that
the Chassapot is an improvement on
the Zundnadelgewehr, and, as long as
the latter served them as a model,
they are probably all right there.
Besides that, they have introduced
into their artillery service a light
field-piece, a kind of revolving can-
non, called the mitrailleuse, said to be
most effective against infantry and
cavalry.

All of a sudden one hears, however,
of several new inventions, quietly in-
troduced by Prussia, and first amongst
them a gun which can be fired twenty-
two times a minute with ease, and
said to be a decided improvement on
both the Zundnadelgewehr and the
Chassapot. In connection with this
they have an improved arrangement
for carrying 200 rounds of ammunition.

The superiority of this new gun
becomes as once self-evident, inas-
much as the present needle gun can
only be fired off about ten or twelve
times a minute, and a soldier carries
only sixty rounds of ammunition.

It is, therefore, at least twice as
effective as their present style of needle
gun, and a considerable number
of them have already been manufac-
tured and is ready to be distributed
among the army. Another new in-
vention of which the Prussians seem
to think much, is a kind of heavy
and very large rifle with a cast-steel
barrel four and a half feet long, and
mounted on two light wheels very
much like a piece of artillery.

It is named the wallbuecher or
wall rifle, probably because a similar
very heavy and long rifle has been in
use during the middle ages for the de-
fence of the walls and towers of castles
and other fortifications. The wall
rifle has been distributed exclu-
sively among the infantry, every bat-
talion of which has now a number of
them. It is aimed and fired off by a
soldier kneeling behind it and catch-
ing the recoil, in order to steady the
aim, by means of a padded cushion or
saddle. The distance at which this
new gun carries is very great, the same
as that of the heaviest artillery. It
shoots with great precision, and seems
to be more particularly destined to be
used against the enemy's artillery, for
the killing of the men serving the
guns, their horses and the explosion
of ammunition chests, although it
may also be used against infantry and
cavalry. The projectile is two and a
half inches long, of cast-iron, hollow,
and filled with a highly explosive sub-
stance. It explodes, however, only
when it strikes with its point, which
is furnished with a slightly projecting
knob pressing a needle into the charge,
and thus causing an immediate explo-
sion.

Besides these new inventions, num-
erous improvements have been in-
troduced, particularly in the artillery
of both nations, and most of them of
such a destructiveness to life and limb
that this war will probably become
the bloodiest on record.

A FEARFUL WEAPON.
The mitrailleuse, which is as yet
untried in practical warfare, is con-
sidered by the French as the most
destructive military weapon known.

Recently, three hundred wretched
horses, already condemned to the po-
leaxe, were purchased at the rate of
four or five francs each, and ranged
at a considerable distance. Two mi-
trailleuses were brought to play on
them, and in three minutes after two
discharges, not one of the animals
remained standing. On a second oc-
casion, five hundred horses were
brought down at a single trial. This
formidable weapon is constructed as
follows: It is a light thirty-seven-bar-
rel gun, arranged that its barrels may
be discharged simultaneously, or con-
secutively. The thirty-seven cart-
ridges, intended for one charge, are
contained in a small box. A steel
plate, with corresponding holes, is
placed on the open box, which is then
reversed, and the cartridges fall point
forward into their respective holes.
They are prevented from falling
through by the rims at their bases.
The loaded plate is then introduced
into the breach-slot, and when the
breach is closed by a lever, a number
of steel pins, pressed by spiral springs
are only prevented from striking the
percussion arrangement in the cart-
ridges by a plate in front of them.
When this case is moved slowly by a
handle, the cartridges are fired one by
one. If the plate be withdrawn rap-
idly, they follow each other so quick-
ly that their discharge is all but sim-
ultaneous. The invention seems very
well adapted for use in forts or other
permanent places of defence or of-
fence, but its carriage and manage-
ment in the field would present many
and insuperable obstacles to its gen-
eral use.

Affray at the Columbia Hotel.

The Daily Republican of August
the 8th contained an article headed
"A Counter Indictment," in which
the most false, calumnious and mali-
cious charges were made against Gen.
M. C. Butler. The following para-
graph will give a sufficient insight
into the insulting and outrageous char-
acter of the piece:

We charge that M. C. Butler was
recognized as the infamous leader of
the bloody Ku Klux gang; that he
not simply connived at but partici-
pated in scores of murders; in fact, that
his own wicked hands are stained
with the blood of hundreds of inno-
cent men, women and children, butch-
ered in political prejudice and hate.
We demand that he prove unquali-
fiedly the contrary or be branded as
a fiendish murderer.

Capt. Geo. Tupper, of Charleston,
Special Agent of the Carolina Life
Insurance Company, and a warm per-
sonal friend of Gen. Butler, in whose
command he served during the war as
one of those "unwilling men forced
to fight," as alleged by the Republi-
can, had just read on Sunday morning
the article above referred to, when
Mr. Morris, one of the editors of that
paper made his appearance in the en-
try of the Columbia Hotel. Capt.
Tupper, determined to defend his ab-
sent friend from such foul aspersions,
immediately approached Mr. Morris
and demanded to know if he was the
author of the article. Mr. Morris
stated that he was one of the editors
of the Republican, and responsible for
any editorial article it contained.

With that he received a slap in the
face, accompanied by a stunning blow
of the fist that sent him whirling
across the passage. He bristled up
and showed fight when first approached
but the rapid and vigorous attack
proved too much for his carpet-bag
valor, and he fled precipitately for
the stair-case, his speedy tears recoin-
cing additional impetus from a lever
power, strenuously applied at every
jump, in his rear. The "posterior"
argument was more than the birling
could withstand, and he went leaping
to the upper regions of the hotel mid
the uproarious laughter of the by-
standers.

Though devoid of personal courage,
the fighting editor showed that he
possessed a full share of low Yankee
spite, and of that prudence which is
the better part of valor—

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

The spirited representative of the
ring had not even the distant courage
of another day, but made speedy ap-
plication to a magistrate and had
Capt. Tupper placed under bond to
keep the peace, and to appear at the
next holding of the Court of General
Sessions, to answer a charge of assault
and battery. If Mr. Morris and his
co-editors continue to make their edi-
torial columns the vehicles of personal
abuse and insults against such men as
General Butler, they may expect to
receive frequent repetitions of the casti-
gation administered by Captain
Tupper. Whatever a consciousness
of guilt, coupled with a want of manly
valor, may induce political adventur-
ers to submit to, the high-toned gen-
tlemen of South Carolina will never
allow their good names and characters to
be traduced with impunity.—
Guardian.

MORTUARY TESTIMONIAL TO
GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.—We
understand that a contract has finally
been completed between the Board of
Visitors of the Virginia Military In-
stitute, through its Superintendent,
General Francis H. Smith, for the
completion of the colossal equestrian
statue of General Stonewall Jackson,
which was originally ordered by
friends of the deceased of Frederick
Volk, the sculptor, in 1863. The
model is already completed, and is
now at Munich. It is intended to
cast it forthwith in bronze, at the
foundry in Stuttgart, and, when com-
pleted, it is to be placed, on the pa-
rade ground of the Military Institute
at Lexington.

It is also contemplated to erect on
the grounds of the Institute a memo-
rial chapel which, it is proposed, shall
contain a marble statue of the Gen-
eral, after the design submitted by
Volk, and which represents him as
one of the teachers of the Institute—
a position he occupied for some four-
teen years. An effort is now being
made to collect the necessary funds
for this latter purpose. A considera-
ble sum has already been promised in
various Northern States, and some
subscriptions received.

The Board of Visitors earnestly
solicit further aid from the friends
and admirers of the deceased Gen-
eral.—Baltimore Gazette.

It may relieve the pious minds of
those who fancy that Chinese immi-
gration will make idolaters of us all,
to learn that the Chinese shoe-makers
at North Adams all go regularly to
church on the Lord's Day, the leader
of the company being a zealous
Methodist. On the whole, it seems
that we are quite as likely to make
Christians of them as they are to
turn us into heathens.

Colonel Simon's Remarks.

Colonel Simons, after alluding to the
formation of the Union Reform Party
and its great progress in the low country,
addressed a few sensible remarks to the
colored people. His address was most
happily framed, and produced a very
marked impression upon the colored peo-
ple.

TURN-COAT HOGE.
He said that while in the up country,
in 1867, he met one Captain Hoge,
who was afterwards elected to Congress.
Hoge had said to him that he (Hoge)
was a Democrat, and had been one all
his life; Congress ought never to have
given the right of suffrage to the negroes,
as they were no better than brutes; he
only wished that the race had one
throat, so that he might cut it, and so
free the white people.

On last Friday he had met Hoge in
Columbia, and he (Hoge) had come up
to him and said: "You see I have
been defeated. The negroes have been
run a good Republican for the Third
Congressional District you would win."
He, the speaker, then asked where was
a good Republican to nominate when a
friend of Hoge, standing by, remarked
that Hoge was the man. The Reform
party would not touch him with a forty
foot pole. (Great cheering.)

THE REVEREND RASCAL.
He then proceeded to show to the
colored people that the Scott Ring did
not represent the great Republican
party of the country. That they had
rather disgraced the party, and instanced
the case of that unmitigated rascal,
Cadet Broker Whittemore. He read
an article from a late number of New
York Tribune, stating that if the District
Attorney of South Carolina, had at-
tended to his business, Whittemore
would not be at large, but in the peni-
tentiary where he belonged, and the
Republican party might be saved another
disgrace, viz: his second reelection.
During his entire speech Colonel Simons
was listened to with marked attention by
the colored people. Says that every
now and then a drunken vagabond, one
of Scott's tools would awake from his
drunken sleep and shout, in faint tones,
"Rah! for Guyver Scott."

B. B. Carpenter's Speech.

We notice, but cannot report Car-
penter's speech. We must refuse to
besmear our columns with the vulgarity
of a brothel or a steep in the streaming
fith of a political campaigner. We are
naturally inclined to connect with the veil
of decency the corruption of a corpse,
but on this occasion it is best to bury it
out of sight, that it may not offend the
nostril or poison the health of the com-
munity. We share the blush of every
Carolina gentleman, and deplore the
circumstances that have reduced such
men as Kershaw and Butler to such an
alternative.

The above extract is taken from the
Southern Celt, a paper published in
Charleston in the interest of the "Scott
Ring," and edited by one Lucius B.
Northrop, a person well known to us
as community. Mr. N. should be the
last man in the State to accuse a gentle-
man of corruption. If the Celt desires it
we can produce columns of certificates
from prominent citizens of this county,
and some from his own party, showing
up its editor's huge transactions while
in charge of the Confederate Commissary
at this place. For your own sake,
don't impeach the honesty of Judge
Carpenter. It is not our duty to make
the matter public, but as a friend and
supporter of the Reform movement, we
cannot see such a man as the editor of
the Celt question the honesty of any
human being.—Lancaster Ledger.

The latest Mexican news is exciting.
The pirate Forward, which within the
past few weeks has been exciting under
the directions of the notorious Placido
Vega, has been captured at sea and de-
stroyed by the United States gunboat
which was sent in pursuit of her. A num-
ber of the crew have been killed. In the
northern part of the republic the gov-
ernment troops have been successful.
Martinez and his forces have been routed
and a number of the rebel officers
have been made prisoners. In the
South, however, matters look stormy.
The Guatemalans have again raised the
standard of invasion, and have actually
commenced operations on Mexican soil.
Several Mexicans joined the invaders
and cast their fortunes with them. This
is a more serious move than any which
has taken place for some time in Mexico,
and will give the government much
annoyance before it is suppressed.—
New York Herald.

THE XIX CENTURY FALLEN INTO
THE SLOUGH OF RADIOALISM.—One
Dr. Hicks, the present editor, and a
carpet-bagger, has taken over the XIX
Century bodily into the Radical camp.
This number for August throws off all
disguises and comes out boldly in favor
of Scott for Governor. Referring to
the Conservative platform, it says:
"We despise it, and call upon our peo-
ple to crush it, as it deserves."
We now call upon the Southern peo-
ple to "crush" the XIX Century, a
journal which they have fostered with
the idea of promoting the cause of
Southern literature, little dreaming that
it would ever be used as an instrument
to "loot upon them" pick of despots,
thieves and knaves.—Savannah Re-
publican.

Terrible Railroad Accident near White Sulphur Springs—Great Loss of Life.

GREENHUR WHITE SULPHUR
SPRINGS, Va., August 7.—All the killed
and wounded by the railroad accident
at Jersey's Run, have been identified,
excepting one laboring man, a foreigner.
Below is the correct list of killed and
wounded.

KILLED.—Maj. James G. Paxton and
son, Lexington Va.; Col. Wm. Boul-
ware, King and Queen, Va.; McNut
Paxton, Vickburg, Miss.; John Mor-
rissett, Umontown, Ala.; J. Boyd
Healdy, Murrinstown, N. J.; N. M.
Norbliss, Richmond, Va.; P. B. Miner,
Richmond Va.; Geo. T. Cobb, ex State
Senator, New Jersey; Dr. F. N. Reed,
Danville, Va.

WOUNDED.—Samuel B. Hancock,
Prince George County, Md., severely in
the head; Everett Early, Charlottesville,
badly bruised; Robert Ford, Hungary
Station, Henrico County, Va., badly in
head and left shoulder; Isham Ford,
Hungary Station, dangerously in head;
John Greene, of King George County,
Va., seriously in stomach and back;
Thomas J. Winston, Richmond, Va.,
slightly in back; William Clements,
Henrico County, Va., severely in the
head; Edward Harris, Hanover County,
Va., slightly; Charles E. Hoge, Staun-
ton, Va., badly in head and wrist; W.
Crump, Richmond, Va., seriously; John
Spellard, Montgomery, Ala., severely
but not dangerously; Colonel Jordan,
Railroad Superintendent, Mobile, Ala.,
severely but not dangerously; Mr. Kelly,
Staunton, Va., hurt internally badly;
George Tye, slightly, William A. Mole,
Baltimore, Md., slightly.

The accident was caused by the hind
of the coach next to the last car running
off the track after passing over the
trestle-work and curve in the road at
Jersey's Run, two miles from Albany
Station and eight miles from the White
Sulphur Springs. The train was run-
ning at the rate of only six miles an
hour and up a very steep grade. The
conductor discovered the car off the
track and pulled the alarm bell, and the
train was taken up in a very short space,
but the car that was off the track had
lost its equilibrium and went over the
bank.

It is supposed the accident is the
result of the sudden breaking of a wheel.
The killed will be transported to Rich-
mond in the morning, except Major
Paxton and son, who will be sent to
Lexington.

A UNITED GERMANY.—The Tribune
says: After all, the notable fact of the
war is not that each side is enthusias-
tic, or that splendid armaments
are used, or that all Europe seems
verging upon the struggle. The nota-
ble fact is that King William, at the
Prussian headquarters, commands
the army of united Germany. The
dream of German philosophers and
statesmen for a century has been ac-
complished by the rude stroke of
Benedetti's diplomacy in an hour.
The soldiers of Bavaria, Wurtemberg,
and petty German States, that a year
ago would almost as soon have thought
of fighting under the French tri-color
as beneath the Prussian eagles, now
accept the orders of the Crown Prince
as if they were already a part of the
Prussian nationality. The battles to be
fought may be lost or won by
Prussia, but the grand issue of the
war is already won. German unity,
from the day that the troops of the
smaller German Governments were
turned over to King William, was an
accomplished fact.

The New York Herald makes the
following truthful comments upon the
result in North Carolina:

"Governor Holden's administra-
tion is a decided failure; too much of
the State legislation was for the bene-
fit of a particular race, instead of
people; and in every department
affairs had become so muddled that
any change would be for the better.
The Republican party will do well to
heed the lesson taught by the North
Carolina election. Unless it speedily
cuts loose from the narrow-minded,
corrupt, fanatical leaders which have
brought it to the verge of ruin, other
Radical States will as unexpectedly
wheel into the Democratic line; and
that party again be in the ascenden-
cy."

A most singular will has just been
opened in Venice. A rich old bachelor
has bequeathed his entire fortune